

# Stephen Morton Comics

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1 SEEING IF THE MAN ON THE BUS IS DOING OK

2 DREAM HOMES

3 VALHALLAS GOAT

4 THE BILLOWING DEPTHS. INTO DELIRIUM OF THE SUBCONSCIOUSNESS

5 THE RIVER

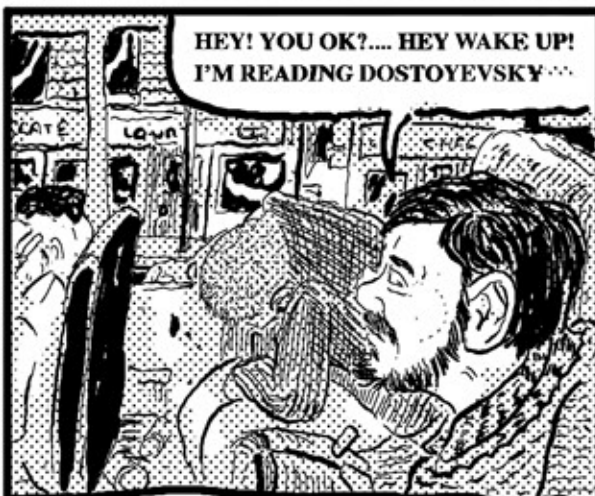
6 THE MEMORY RIVER COMES FLOODING INTO MARYHILL



# SEEING IF THE MAN ON THE BUS IS DOING OK



ON THE BUS I READ BOOKS. MOSTLY THE RUSSIAN ONES LIKE DOSTOYEVSKY



HEY! YOU OK?... HEY WAKE UP!  
I'M READING DOSTOYEVSKY ...

I WANTED TO SEE IF HE WAS  
AMONGST THE LIVING. ALSO IT WAS  
TOO EARLY IN THE MORNING AND  
I DIDN'T NEED ANOTHER DEAD BODY  
ON MY CONSCIENCE TODAY, HAD  
ENOUGH DEAD BODIES TO LAST ME  
A LIFE TIME.



I BEGAN TO SUSPECT THAT THE MAN  
HAD SOME KIND OF REACTION TO  
PRODUCE. I NOW WANTED TO SEE.



\*INCOHERENT\* ... POLI S ...  
HAVE TO GO ... CHEERS PAL

AT LEAST HE IS AMONGST THE  
LIVING, I WAS LOOKING OUT FOR  
HIM TO SEE IF HE'S OK. THAT  
PROBABLY COUNTS FOR  
SOMETHING IN THIS DAY AND AGE.





SURE IF YOU CAN LIVE HERE YOU  
COULD LIVE ANYWHERE.



AND IF I CAN'T? IF I CAN ONLY BUILD IN  
MY HEAD A ROOM THAT LOOKS LIKE HOW  
I FELT WHEN I FELT. IF I CAN PAY TO HIT  
MY HEAD LONG ENOUGH OFF THE WALL  
THAT THE HEATING WOULD EVENTUALLY  
COME ON. IF I COULD CONTAIN THE  
TEARS OF BURST PIPES IN MY DUCTS,  
CAUSE THAT IS WHERE I AM NOW!



COULD I NOT JUST ACCEPT IT? AND THIS  
WAS JUST THE WAY IT TURNED OUT FOR  
PEOPLE LIKE ME, AND YOU?



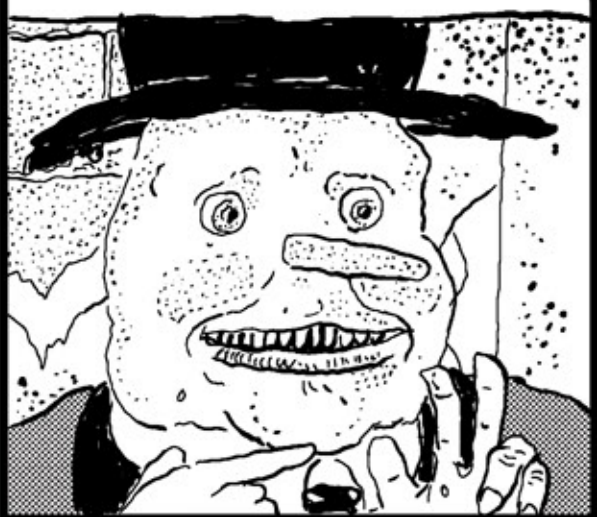
SURE I HAVE MY OWN HOUSE.



I'VE BUILT DOZENS OF GAFFS, A  
CELESTIAL ARCHITECT ON AN  
UNENDING NAVIGATION THROUGH  
THE BLUEPRINTS OF SPACE. WHERE  
MY NIECE NOW BUILDS AND THE  
CHILD OVER THERE BUILDS TO SET IN  
STONE THE FOUNDATIONS OVER THIS  
RUIN. BUILDINGS WITH HEART AND  
HONESTY, CARING, A HOUSE WITH A  
FUCKING SOUL!



I ACTUALLY OWN THREE HOUSES, I  
RENT OUT THE OTHER TWO.



# VALHALLAS GOAT

AMY RECOMMENDED THAT I TRY AND DRINK LEBANESE WINE INSTEAD OF THE ABSOLUTE MUC I HAVE BEEN DRINKING FROM TESCOS. FOR A CHANGE.

YOU SHOULD PERHAPS TRY LEBANESE WINE FOR A CHANGE.



I AM ALWAYS UP FOR TRYING OUT NEW THINGS LIKE DIFFERENT TYPES OF WINES OR FOOD STUFFS. SO I TRACKED DOWN A PLACE THAT SPECIALISES IN WINE FROM OTHER PLACES THAT ISN'T TESCOS.



HELLO THERE WINE MERCHANT. I AM INTERESTED IN PURCHASING A WINE WITH ORIGINS FROM THE COUNTRY LEBANON.



OH FUCKIN CHRIST YES! WE HAVE THIS ONE FROM THAT PLACE. IT IS DELICIOUS WITH ITS SULTRY NOTES FROM BARRELS OF OAK WHICH GOES DIVINE WITH FISHES AND OTHER SEA CREATURES.



OH YES! THAT IS FINE, I WILL PURCHASE ONE AND TELL AMY WHAT I THINK ABOUT IT.

THAT IS BRILLIANT! DO YOU WANT ME TO WRAP IT UP FOR YOU IN PAPER AND NICE RIBBON?



YES PLEASE, WRAP IT UP NOW SO I CAN UNWRAP IT LATER LIKE A LITTLE PRESENT.

AMY THOUGHT I WOULD ENJOY THE WINE AND I HAVE TO SAY IT WAS VERY NICE COMPARED TO THE TESCO BRANDS I HAVE BEEN SKULLING RECENTLY. I HOPE EVERYTHING TURNS OUT ALRIGHT.





# THE BILLOWING DEPTHS. INTO DELIRIUM OF THE SUBCONSCIOUSNESS

FATIGUE, THE ITCHING N' LEAKING. THIS AIN'T LOOKING TOO GOOD KIRSTY, IT'S LOOKING LIKE I'M GOING TO HAVE TO CANCEL FOR THE UMPTEENTH TIME.



INSIDE THE DREAM WORLD A CONSTANT TRAVELLER ROAMING THE SPECTRAL PLAINS, THE SUBLIMINAL VALLEYS, THE MURKY DEPTHS OF THE INNERMOST SELF.



PRECEDED BY A RUDE AWAKENING WHICH TURNS INTO BATHROOM TRIPS WITH BOWELS CACKLING LIKE THE PROPERTY PROSPECT DEVELOPER AND SON OF THE REAL ESTATE TYCOON SIR DAVID DUMBLINGTON.



OUTSIDE FOX PISS SCREAMING, SOUNDS AND SMELLS GIVE OFF A THICK GREEN MIST ACROSS BROKEN GARDENS.



HAVE YOU ACTUALLY SLEPT THOUGH? I FEEL THAT I HAVE NOT SLEPT. ALTHOUGH I SLEEP ALL THE TIME NOW. I DO NOT FEEL LIKE I HAVE SLEPT. THE GREEN MIST FROM FOX PISS HAS DEADENED BRAIN MATTER AND FOR THAT MATTER THESE ARE NOT NAPS, IT IS DELIRIUM. HAVE I FINALLY LOST MY FACULTIES?



BILLOWING OUT THROUGH EVERY ORIFICE. WITCHES TONIC, CHRONIC CAULDRONS, ROOM SHADOW MAKES UP DEMONS, WALLS DISAPPEAR IN PLOOMS OF ARSE. IF KIRSTY SAW ME LIKE THIS SHE WOULD NEVER FORGIVE ME.

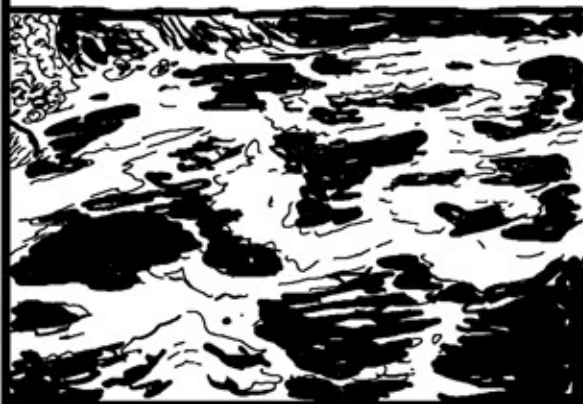


# THE RIVER

I CAME DOWN TO THE RIVER LIKE IN PATERSON TO HAVE A LISTEN TO THE SOUND THE WATER CAN MAKE WHILST CARESSING OFF THE ROCKS IN A VAIN ATTEMPT TO COLLECT MY THOUGHTS.



SITTING HERE I FEEL I HAVE FINALLY FOUND MY MATCH AND THEIR NAME IS THE NAME OF WHATEVER RIVER THIS ONE IS CALLED.



I HAVE A FEW, EATING, SLEEPING, DRINKING, SHAGGING AND SNIFFING ARSES. I AM QUITE SIMPLY SOMETHING THAT FELL OUT.



BUT IT OCCURED TO ME I AM IN GLASGOW AND MY NAME IS STEPHEN MORTON AND MY WIFE IS ON THE INTERNET WITH THOUSANDS OF MORE POTENTIAL MATCHES.



THE ONE THAT HELPS ME COLLECT MY THOUGHTS AND THESE DOGS. IT SEEMS THESE DOGS THEY DO NOT HAVE AS MANY THOUGHTS AS ME.



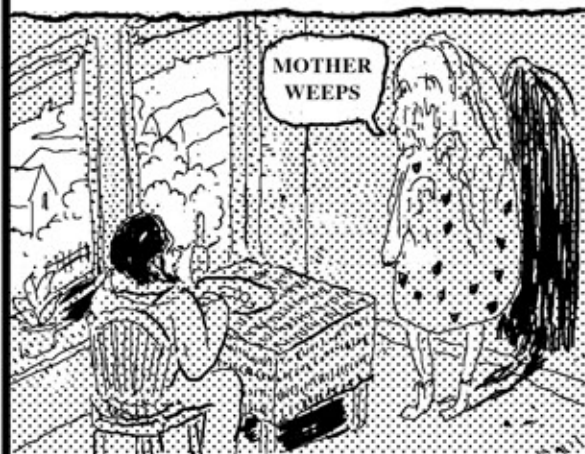
A MAN ACROSS FROM ME IS STARING IN MY DIRECTION AND MY THOUGHTS HAVE NOW COMPLETELY DISAPPEARED



WHAT CAN I SAY? MAYBE HE IS A POET OR AN ARTIST. I REALLY DON'T LIKE THIS.

# THE MEMORY RIVER COMES FLOODING INTO MARYHILL

THE MEMORIES FROM THE MIND CONTAINS A COLLECTION OF YOU'S. I CANNOT FORGET YOU'S



I JUST SHAKE MY HEAD, A RESPONSE TO SHAKE ALL REMNANTS I CANNOT FORGET OUT OF MY HEAD. MEMORIES OF LIFE.



ITS MOSTLY WHEN I CROSS OVER THE BRIDGE TO TESCO YOU'LL FIND ME CROSSING OVER LIKE THAT.



I THINK ABOUT HOW THE OTHER PEOPLE ARE FLOATING THROUGH THE MEMORY RIVER. TRYING TO KEEP THEIR HEADS ABOVE ITS MURKY WATERS.



THOSE STREAMS CANNOT BUT FORGET TO COME FLOODING IN. TO SUFFOCATE YOU IN ITS MEMORY. AN INSTANT TILL



LIKE SOME KENETIC ENERGY FROM THE WATER BELOW IS CAUSING THIS, CAUSING THIS DEEP MENTAL RIFT INSIDE OF YOUR BEING THAT YOU CAN NEVER SHAKE OUT, YOU COME TO AND THEN EVAPORATE INTO THE MARYHILL NIGHT, IS ALRIGHT.







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